

THE STORY

Willow-Pattern China.

The name which common consent once gave to the best kinds of porcelain and pottery was applied with equal intelligibility to the ornaments on the mantelpiece, the crockery in the closet, and to the empire which stretches from north to south on the eastern coast of Asia. And to China it is probable that we are indebted for many an article now Americanized, for it is certain that the Chinese were acquainted with the use of spectacles, magnifying glasses, ear-iron, etc., long before the light of civilization had reached our shores. Although later manufacturers have far outstripped in beauty of material the old-fashioned Chinese pottery, it is remarkable that the sale of common blue ware known as the "willow-pattern" has never died out, but, taken on the average, has exceeded that of all other styles put together. The name is taken from the tree which occupies the left-center of the plate, and which is intended to represent a willow in spring, unfolding its blossoms before its leaves appear.

Who is there, since the earliest dawn of intelligent perception, that has not inquisitively studied the old figures on the willow-pattern plate? Who in childish curiosity has not wondered what these persons in dim blue outlines were doing on that bridge—whence they came, and whither they were going? Who are the people that occupy the houses on that charming island, and why do these distorted, disproportionate doves salute each other as if they were so intensely joyful? Mr. Sypher, the great dealer in bric-a-brac, has kindly lent us the plate from which the above illustration is taken, and the reader can unravel as he reads the story of the plate, which is to the Chinese what Robinson Crusoe or Jack the Giant-Killer is to the American or English household. On the right of the plate is seen a Chinese house of unusual size and magnificence, the wealth and refinement of its owner being indicated by its being two stories in height, as also by the large and rare trees which surround the building, and by the out-buildings seen at the back upon the right of the palace. This residence belonged to a mandarin of immense power and influence, who had amassed no small fortune in serving the emperor officially. A private secretary named Chang attended to the detail of the mandarin's duties, and resided in his employer's family. Suddenly the wife of the mandarin died, and in his great grief, but partly because the Chinese merchants had begun to talk loudly of the mandarin's dishonesty, that official importuned the emperor to release him from his arduous labors. An order signed by the vermilion pencil of his Imperial Majesty left the mandarin at liberty to retire to the snug little palace seen on the plate, and taking with him his only daughter, Koon-see, he retained Chang the secretary long enough to put his accounts in such order that they might bear scrutiny if possibly it should be required. When the faithful Chang had finished his work he was discharged. Too late! too late! The secretary had seen and loved his master's daughter. At sunset Koon-see was observed to linger with her maid on the steps which led to the banquet-room, and as twilight came on she stole down the path to a distant part of the grounds, and there the lovers on the last evening of Chang's engagement exchanged their vows of mutual love and constancy. But on many an evening afterward, when Chang was supposed to be miles away, lovers' whispers might have been heard among the orange-trees, and as darkness came on the willow peonies which grew on the wall had their gorgeous petals destroyed as Chang climbed through the brilliant blossoms. By the assistance of sweet Koon-see's maid, these interviews were kept secret from the mandarin, for the lovers well knew the harsh customs of the country when social positions were unequal in society. Chang's merit, however, was admitted everywhere, and the young people pictured a time when all obstacles would be removed by Chang's success in diplomacy and trade. Alas! by some means, a rumor of what was going on came to the ears of the old mandarin, and from that time Koon-see was forbidden to go beyond the walls of the house, and Chang was threatened with death in case his visits were continued. To make still surer of

being obeyed, the mandarin had a high wall of wood built across the pathway, from the wall of the house to the water's edge. This is the zigzag fence which appears in the plate. Finally, after all these precautions, Koon-see's maid was sent away, and her place supplied by an elderly person whose heart was as shriveled as her face. To provide for his daughter's imprisonment, and enable her to take fresh air and exercise, the mandarin built a suite of rooms adjoining his own banquet-room and jutting out over the water's edge, with a terrace upon which the young lady might walk in safety. As these apartments had no exit except through the banquet hall in which the mandarin passed nearly all his time, and were also completely surrounded by water, the father rested content that there would be no further clandestine meetings; all the more as he could discover from his own windows any attempt at communication by a boat upon the water. To go still further, the old mandarin now betrothed Koon-see to a wealthy friend, a Ta-jin or a duke of high degree, who was the fair girl's equal in every way except that of age, which preponderated greatly on Ta-jin's side. Koon-see's wedding was decided upon without any consultation with herself, and was to take place "at the fortunate age of the moon, when the peach-tree should blossom in the spring." The willow-tree was in blossom then, the peach-tree having scarcely set its buds. Poor Koon-see shuddered at her doom, and trembled as she watched the buds of the peach-tree which tossed its branches against the walls of her prison. All at once her heart was cheered by a happy omen; a bird came and built its nest in the corner above her window. One afternoon as she sat watching the little architect carrying straws and feathers to its future home, the shades of evening fell, her thoughts reverted to the interviews associated with that hour, and darkness found her gazing sadly on the water. Suddenly her abstraction was disturbed by a half coconut shell which was fitted up with a miniature sail, and which floated gently to her feet. By the aid of her parasol she raised it from the water, but her delighted surprise caused her to exclaim aloud, and in an instant the old servant was at her side. Koon-see soon found a plausible excuse for her exclamation, and as soon as the old woman had retired she examined anxiously the little boat. In it she found a small white bead she had once given her lover—a sufficient evidence from whose hands the boat had come: Chang himself had launched it from the other side of the water. There was also a piece of bamboo paper and some Chinese verses:

"The nest you winged artist builds
Some robber-bird shall tear away.
So yields her hopes the affianced bride,
The wealthy lord's reluctant prey."
"He must have been near me," she murmured, "for he has seen my bird's nest by the peach tree." She read on:

"The fluttering bird prepares a home
In which the sparrow shall dwell;
Forth goes the weeping bride constrained;
A hundred cars the triumph swell."

"Mourn for the tiny architect:
A stronger bird hath torn its nest;
Mourn for the hapless stolen bride:
How vain the hope to sooth her breast!"

Koon-see burst into tears and hid the little boat in the folds of her loose flowing dress. Again she took the paper out, and discovered on the back these words in the peculiar metaphorical style of Oriental poetry: "As this boat sails to you so all my thoughts tend to the same center; but when the willow-blossom droops from the bough, and the peach tree unfolds its buds, your faithful Chang will sink with the lotus-blossoms beneath the deep waters. There he will see the circles on the smooth river when the willow-blossom falls upon it from the bough—broken away, like his love, from the parent stem." As a sort of postscript was added, "Cast your thoughts upon the waters as I have done, and I shall hear your words."

Koon-see well understood metaphorical language, and trembled as she thought of Chang's threat of self-destruction. She took her ivory tablets, not having any other means, and with her embroidery needle replied: "Do not who has bandmen gather the fruit they fear will be stolen? The sunshine lengthens, and the vineyard is threatened by the hands of strangers. The fruit you most prize will be gathered when the willow-blossom droops upon the bough." Much doubting,

Koon-see placed her tablets in the boat, and after the manner of her countrywomen she placed therein a bit of frankincense. As soon as it was dark she lighted the frankincense and launched the little boat upon the stream. The current drew it gradually away, and it floated till she could no longer see it in the distance. No accident overturned the boat, nor was the light extinguished; so with this happy omen in her heart Koon-see closed her casement and retired to rest. Days and weeks passed on, and no more little boats appeared; all intercourse between the lovers seemed cut off, and poor Koon-see began to be more and more sorrowful. The blossom on the willow-tree seemed about to droop and wither, and additional alarm was aroused in her heart by a visit from the mandarin, who entered his daughter's apartment one morning in high good-humor. In his arms he bore a large box full of the rarest jewels—a present from the old duke, Ta-jin. Congratulating Koon-see, her father said the happy lover was coming that day to enter into marriage preliminaries, such as taking wine and food in the house of the bride's father. Like the bird in the snare the poor girl felt that the toils were drawing closer and closer, while she saw no way of escape.

The duke came, his servants beating gongs before him, and shouting forth his achievements in war. The number of his titles was immensely extensive, and the lanterns in which they were all inscribed were magnificent. Owing to his rank he was borne on a sedan, with eight bearers, thus showing his rank to be that of a viceroy. The old mandarin gave Ta-jin a suitable reception, and dismissed his followers. The two gentlemen sat down first to an introduction feast, according to custom, and so many were the "salutation cups" drank between them that they finally became somewhat boisterous in their merriment. The noise of revelry and the shoutings of the military Ta-jin seemed to attract a stranger to the house, but in vain did he ask alms at the door of the banquet hall. His tale was unobeyed; and finally, becoming apparently weary, he took from the porch an outer garment that had been carelessly left there, and thus, enveloped by it, he drew a screen across the banquet-hall, and passing behind it arrived at Koon-see's apartments. In another instant the lovers were locked in each other's arms! It was Chang who had asked alms at the banquet-hall! He now besought Koon-see to fly with him, "for," said he, "the willow-blossom droops already on the bough." She gave into his hands the box of jewels the duke had that day presented to her, and finding that the elders were growing sleepy over their wine, and that the guards were amusing themselves elsewhere, Koon-see and Chang stole behind the screen, passed the door, descended the steps, and reached the foot of the bridge beside the willow-tree. Not till then did the old mandarin become aware of what was going on; but he caught a glimpse of his daughter in the garden, and raising a fearful cry, rushed out after her himself. To represent this part of the story are three figures on the bridge. The first is the lady, Koon-see carrying a distaff, emblematic of her maidenly estate; the second is Chang, the lover, bearing off the box of jewels; the third is the old mandarin, the lady's father, whose paternal authority, likewise his rage, are supposed to be indicated by the whip which he bears in his hand. As the Chinese artist knows little or nothing of perspective, he could not place the old gentleman in any other situation than in the peculiar proximity in which he is represented. The sketch simply illustrates the flight and pursuit, and is sufficiently graphic for that purpose.

The old mandarin, intoxicated as he was, had some difficulty in keeping up the pursuit, and Chang and Koon-see eluded him without much effort. The Ta-jin fell into a monstrous rage on hearing what had occurred, and so great was his fury that he frothed at the mouth, and was well-nigh smothered in his passion. The few servants who were sober enough to have successfully pursued the fugitives were detained to wait upon the duke, who was supposed to be in a fit. And thus the lovers made good their escape. Every plan possible was adopted during the following days to discover where the undutiful daughter had fled; but when the servants returned, night after night, and brought no intelligence which afforded any hope of finding her, the old mandarin

gave himself up to despair, and became a prey to low spirits and ill-humor. The duke, however, continued active and persevering, and employed spies in every village for many miles around. He made a solemn vow of vengeance against Chang, and congratulated himself that by his power as magistrate of the district he would exercise his authority, and when Chang should be discovered, put him to death for the theft of Koon-see's jewels. The lady, Koon-see, too, should die, he said, unless she fulfilled the wishes of her father, not for his own satisfaction, but for the sake of public justice.

In the meantime the lovers had retired to an humble tenement at no great distance from the mandarin's establishment, and had found safety in the concealment afforded by Koon-see's handmaid, who had been discharged in consequence of permitting Chang to see his mistress clandestinely in the garden. The husband of this handmaid, who was the mandarin's gardener, and Chang's sister, were witnesses to the simple marriage of the fugitives, who now never appeared abroad, except at nightfall, when they wandered through the rice fields, and visited the terraced gardens, breathing the fragrance of the oles, or enjoying the more delicate perfumes of the orange and citron groves. From the garden the lovers learned the steps taken by their pursuers, and thus they were successful in eluding them for a long time. But at last the mandarin issued a proclamation saying he would forgive his daughter on condition of her leaving Chang and returning home; whereupon this young man evinced such joy at the prospect of his master's relenting that he brought suspicion on himself, and the house in which the lovers lived was ordered to be watched. The reader will see this house located at the foot of the bridge. It is only one story in height, and of the simplest style of architecture. The ground around it is uncultivated, the tree that stands by it is an unproductive fir, and the whole place has a sad air of poverty and dullness, all the more striking when the richly ornate mansion on the other side of the bridge is compared with it.

It having been agreed that, in case any suspicion fell upon the house, the young gardener should not return at the usual hour, Chang and his wife suspected that all was not right when he did not enter at his customary time in the evening. The gardener's wife, meantime, had seen strange people loitering about, and in great sorrow communicated her fears to the newly-married pair. Later in the evening a soldier entered the house, and reading the proclamation of the mandarin, he pointed out the great advantages which would be enjoyed by all parties who should assist in restoring Koon-see, and bringing Chang to justice. He assured the gardener's wife beside that her house was fully guarded in front, and thus there could be no escape, as the river surrounded it in every other direction. The attachment of the gardener's wife for her former mistress was enough to enable her to retain great presence of mind; and after appearing exceedingly curious as to what reward she would obtain if she were successful in discovering Chang, she led the soldier to believe that he was not there, but at a friend's house, and if he would first obtain a distinct promise of reward for her, in the handwriting of the mandarin and the duke, she would then conduct him to Chang's retreat. To this the soldier agreed, but declared, at the same time, that he must leave the guard around the house. To this the poor woman dared not object, or she would have been at once betrayed; but she talked loudly and severely concerning the impropriety of rough soldiers being left without the restraint of a commander, and thus gave the trembling lovers the opportunity of overhearing what was passing, and of learning the dreadful extremity in which they were placed.

As soon as the officer had gone, a brief conference was held between the lovers and their protector. A few minutes, an hour at most, was all they could call their own. A score of plans suggested were all cast aside. In front there was the suspicious guard, ordered to let no one pass under any circumstances, and behind was the broad, rapid river. Escape was impossible, and for Chang, at least, detection and arrest meant death. To attempt to fight the guard, unarmed, was surely madness. What was to be done? It was almost impossible to swim the roaring river at any time, and now it was swollen with the early rains—but the river was the only chance.

"You will be seen, and murdered in the water before you reach the other bank," said the gardener's wife. "It is my only chance," cried Chang despairingly, as he slipped the *paucua*, or loose upper garment worn by the higher class, or by those seeking literary honors. Koon-see clung to her husband, but his resolution was firm, and bidding her be of good cheer, that he would be saved to return to her, Chang sprang from the window into the stream below, while Koon-see's promises of eternal constancy were ringing in his ears.

The struggles of the poor man were frightful, and long before he had reached the middle of the river Koon-see's eyelids quivered and closed; she fainted and saw no more. Her faithful servant laid her on a couch, and having revived her, gazed out of the window upon the river. There was no sign of Chang; the rapid current had carried him away—where? Time passed on, and every moment seemed an age. Finally the darkness settled upon the scene, the poor gardener's wife hanging over her pallid mistress, and dreading her questions when consciousness should be restored. The officer had now been gone long enough to have visited the mandarin and duke. Hark! he was even now knocking at the door. Again he knocked before the gardener's wife could bring herself to leave Koon-see, but no other course was left to her; and scarcely knowing why, she secretly closed the door of the room behind her, and drew a screen across to conceal it. The soldier rudely questioned her as to her delay in opening the door, and showed her a document in which large sums of money and the mandarin's favor were promised to the person who should give up Chang, and restore Koon-see to her father. The gardener's wife made pretence that she could not read the writing, and giving the officer some spirit, made of rice, she managed to divert his attention until he became impatient, when she told him that it would be useless to attempt to entrap Chang until it was dark, when he would be walking in the neighboring rice garden. Two hours were thus whiled away, when the officer was called out by one of the men under him, who told him that a messenger had arrived from the Ta-jin inquiring why Chang had not yet been brought before him, and requiring an answer from the commanding officer himself. This gave the gardener's wife time to see what had become of Koon-see. She had fancied that she heard a slight noise in the apartment, and with intense curiosity she pushed the screen aside, opened the door, and peeped into the room. Koon-see was not there. There were marks of wet feet and dripping garments on the floor, and upon the narrow ledge of the window to which she rushed. A boat had that instant been pushed off from the shore into the river, and in it, no doubt, were her mistress and her brave husband, Chang. Darkness concealed them from the eyes of friends as well as enemies, and the rushing river carried them rapidly away. The gardener's wife gently closed the window and removed all traces of what had happened; she then returned cheerfully to the other end of the house and waited for the officer. He came stimulated by a reproof for his delay, and commanded his soldiers to search the house, which they did most willingly, as on such occasions they were accustomed to possess themselves of anything which could be considered valuable.

Their search was in vain, for they neither found traces of the fugitives nor anything worth stealing. The jewels were with Chang upon the river, and the gardener was but a poor man. They then visited the rice grounds, but were equally unsuccessful there. They suspected the woman had played them a trick, but she looked quite unconscious, and in a very innocent manner persuaded the officer that she had been imposed upon, and was sorry she had given him so much trouble.

The boat, with its precious cargo, floated, as shown in the plate, down the river all night, requiring no exertion from Chang, who sat at the prow silently watching while his young wife slept. When the gray of early morning peeped over the distant mountains Chang still sat there, and the boat was still driven onward by the rapid current. Soon after daylight they entered the main river, the Yang-tee-Kiang, and their passage became more dangerous, requiring great exertion and management. Before the sun was well up they had joined crowds of boats, and had ceased to be noticed, for they were in company with people who lived wholly upon the river, and who had then been engaged in taking westward the usual tribute of salt and rice to his Imperial Majesty's treasury. To one of these boatmen Chang sold a jewel, and bought from another some food with the coin. Then the fugitives floated onward for several days, going toward the sea until they reached a place where the mandarin

were accustomed to examine all the boats outward bound. Chang moored his floating home beside an island in the broad river. This island was but a small piece of ground, and covered with reeds; but here the young pair resolved to settle down and pass the remainder of their days in peace. The jewels were sold in neighboring towns in such a manner as not to excite suspicion, and with money thus procured, the persevering Chang was enabled to purchase a right to the little island, and procured all that was necessary for support. It is related of Koon-see that with her own hands she assisted in building the house.

band, applying himself to agriculture, brought the island into a high state of cultivation. On referring again to the plate, the reader will find the history of the island significantly recorded by the simple artist. The ground is broken up into lumps, indicating recent cultivation, and the trees are small in size, signifying their youth. The diligence of Chang is evinced by the manner in which every scrap of ground is reclaimed from the water, and to further illustrate this, narrow reefs of land jut out into the stream.

The remainder of the story is soon told. Chang, having achieved a competence by his cultivation of the land, returned to his literary pursuits, and wrote a book upon agriculture which gained him great reputation in the province where he lived, and secured the patronage of the wealthy literary men of the neighborhood for his children, one of whom became a great sage, after the death of his parents, which occurred in the manner now to be related.

The reputation of Chang's book, if it procured him renown and gained good friends, also revealed his abode to his greatest enemy, the Ta-jin, or duke, whose passion for revenge was unabated. Having waited upon the military mandarin of the river, and having sworn, by cutting a live cock's head off, Chang was the person who had stolen his jewels, he obtained an escort of soldiers to arrest Chang and thus the Ta-jin attacked the island, having given secret instructions to his men to seize Koon-see, and kill Chang without mercy. The peaceful inhabitants of the island were wholly unprepared for the onslaught, and Chang, having refused their admittance, was run through the body and mortally wounded. His servants fought bravely to defend their master, but when they saw him fall they threw down their weapons and fled. Koon-see in despair rushed to her apartments, which she set on fire, and perished in the flames. The duke—so run the tale—cursed the duke for his cruelty with a terrible disease, and he died, unfriended and unpitied.

No children, scattered scattered, ever over his grave, but, in pity for Koon-see and her husband, they were transformed into two immortal doves, emblems of the constancy which had rendered them beautiful in life, and in death undivided.

At the request of some friends and former pupils of the Salem Academy, we publish the following letter taken from an Ohio paper.—*Eds. Press.*

Another year has passed away, with all its joys, its sorrows, its struggles; its victories and disappointments and its grand march of progress. It was a long year when we looked forward into the future. Like the panoramas shown through the reversed ends of a field-glass, there seemed to be no limit to the perspective, and everything was clear cut, distinct and beautiful. It reached out beyond the hours, the days, and weeks and months; beyond the fields, the trees, the hills—beyond the clouds and into the unknown realm. It is gone! and we can reach back to its beginning at a half-arm's length. It seems such a shriveled, short, quick-spent year. But in its narrow span how much has been crowded. All the wide, wide world has written there its record, only to be read by the great, omnipotent, omniscient God. 1879 came with its bleak winds, its snow, its ice; an infant with a grizzled beard and premature growth. Then God looked down out of the warm sun, and Spring with her birds, her flowers, and her foliage, burst into life, and all nature sent up its anthem of praise and gratitude. She passed, and her matronly sister, Summer, stepped on the stage. Then came Autumn, the sickle and the harvest. Winter, and the year went tottering to its grave clothed in sombre rags, and with a bowed head he was caught back into eternity.

None, gone, gone! The delightful Spring flowers have vanished; the gorgeous Summer productions are dry and dead; the autumn fruits are gathered, the nuts have fallen, and we are again at the death of the year.

It is written on the rock, in its glory's full array; Read what those buds disclose—
Fading away.

Friends, friends, oh! shall we meet Where the spoiler finds no prey? Where lovely things, and sweet, Fade not away?

With the thoughts that in them lay, When we meet above the sky, Which pass away?

Oh! if this may be so, Speed, speed, thou closing day! Bid blast from earth's vain show, To pass away!

And poor humanity, too, has passed with the flowers. The reaper has put in his sickle, and the babe, the maid, the bearded man in all his strength and the tottering old woman have been gathered home. Here and there a dry old reed is still shaken by the wind; all scorched and battered, and worn with the struggle of life, a few of us stand out like blasted trees along the pathway that leads from the dim past to the better land. My threescore years and ten have long been passed, and yet a merciful, all-wise God keeps me here. What for I may not know, and yet I trust and thank him for his goodness. But I am ready—and only waiting, only waiting to be gathered home. And when I see the young and strong die all around me, I sinfully wonder why I am not taken and they spared.

But the fleeting seasons speak to all mankind. Youth fades away, and man loses his strength. The autumn of life reaches him and old age totters in his shoes. Passing away! passing away! is written on all we see. Change comes to all; the great change of life into death, and of death into life again. The soul lives on and on forever. Welcome, thrice welcome, the time that ushers us into that immortal, eternal life.

"O, fear thou not to die, But rather fear to live; Life has a thousand mazes thy feet to try, With pain, and strife."

Our working time is now. O my dear readers, always remember that. Work, work, work for the purpose that God intended thee, for the night cometh when no man can work. When you get old like me, it will be too late, too late. To those of you who work in your youth and your middle-age, there is a crown awaiting you. To many of you, the last day is near. While I write, in this little village two lie dead; called home since the sun arose on yestern morn. Folded the hands, closed the eyes, stilled the tongues forevermore on this earth. But may we not hope that coming up through tribulation they became purified, and to-day are with the angel throng. They were ripe for the harvest, and have been garnered in the Lord's granary. But you have still a time to work. Be not idle, that when the Master comes he may say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Farewell to the old year. Fare well 1879. All the good and all the evil you have seen shall remain obliterated till the last trump shall sound. To the new year we give greeting. Let 1880 bring us nearer home, nearer heaven. And should we be dead ere his last hours are run, may we all be prepared. Most of us have friends already over. What a joyous happy, happy meeting ours will be. Farewell.

AN OCTOBERIAN.
Iron Valley Reporter, January 24, 1880.

A Cross Baby.
Nothing is so conducive to a man's remaining a bachelor as stopping for one night at the house of a married friend and being kept awake for five or six hours by the crying of a cross baby. All crows and crying babies need only Hop Bitters to make them well and smiling. Young men, remember this.—2d.

—It is estimated that 50,000 men and women are employed in Philadelphia in the manufacture of clothing, making 20,000,000 suits a year.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1880.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

FOR 1880.

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

12 MONTHS FOR \$1.50 A YEAR.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

opportunity to throw the apples of discord amongst us, to create new grounds of dissension and divide those that my already exist.

This Western railroad is a dangerous question and one on which it is always easy to get up a discussion in this State, simply for the reason that it has been made by politicians a sectional question. This is one of the principle reasons urged by the friends of the proposed sale to Mr. Best, that it will get out of politics. But it won't be given away, and consequently it won't be taken out of politics.

The Republican leaders are very anxious for this special term for it will give them an opportunity to throw in their torpedoes and get up a row, and they are eagerly awaiting the opportunity now. We venture the assertion that if the Legislature be convened there will be no sale of the Western N. C. Railroad, but that there will be an indefinite quantity of discussion and wrangling, and bad temper enough engendered to dangerously split a party even more closely united than the Conservative party of North Carolina is to-day. Mark this.

A VOICE FROM THE EAST.—The Wilmington Star of the 19th says: "The Democrats have not heard the last of the proposed 'extra session.' What are twenty or thirty thousand dollars when a proposition to buy a railroad is on hand? The people have been taught by Democratic papers and speakers that there is a great need of retrenchment, of reform, and so on. Is all this claptrap? The so-called leaders in North Carolina have caught the infection of extravagance. Of course call the Legislature. Who cares? Have a perpetual session. Appoint a grand committee to hold sessions all the year round. Other Syndicates may desire to be heard, and another extra session must be called. We confess we have no patience with such wild extravagance.

The Star of the 21st says: "It need not be a surprise if Gov. Jarvis and his Council succeed in drawing an immense elephant in that extra session. Selah!" Since the above the Governor has issued an address to the people of this State upon the subject, which shall appear in our columns next week.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Judge Reade has declined to be the Republican candidate for Governor.

The Statesville American thinks that had Judge Reade been willing to accept the Republican nomination for Governor, the chances are that he would have been nominated by acclamation. It thinks, too, that Republican success would be absolutely assured under the leadership of either Bynum, Buxton or Barringer.

Among the Democrats the following gentlemen will be prominent before the State Convention to nominate as Governor: Messrs. Fowle, Seales, Judge McKay, Steele, Ashe, Merrimon and Jarvis.

The race at present lies apparently between Fowle, Jarvis and Seales. While we are perfectly willing to abide by the decision of the convention, we think Gov. Jarvis is entitled to the nomination.

Two of the Republican delegates for the State at large to the National Republican Convention supposed to be for Sherman, are now for Grant.

Hon. E. B. Washburn is said to be the dark horse in the Republican Presidential camp. He is opposed to the third term.

MARYLAND FOR BAYARD.—The Legislature of Maryland has been polled, resulting as follows: Democrats.—Bayard 53, Tilden 10, Seymour 6, Hancock 4, Thurman 1, any allowable man 8.

Republicans.—Blaine 13, Grant 5, Sherman 1, any available candidate 1.

Present indications in Pennsylvania and New York are for Grant.

The Republican Convention will meet in Chicago, June 2nd.

The Democratic Convention will be held in Cincinnati on the 22d of June.

TELEPHONES AT SEA.—A Frenchman living near Lockport, N. Y., claims to have invented a deep sea telephone, enabling voyagers to speak with friends at home while on the stormy ocean.

Edison's electric light seems to be rather at a discount. The inventor is sick, it is said, from overwork and anxiety.

The telephone at sea remains to be fully tested.

—The Cincinnati Southern Railroad was opened for freight on the 23d inst.

—Grant has met with a brilliant reception in the city of Mexico.

—From present indications, Grant will probably be the Republican candidate for President.

Diphtheria is raging in Central Russia. Since November, over 40,000 persons have died from the disease in two provinces.

—Dr. Brandreth, the great pill man, of New York, is dead, leaving an estate worth two or three millions.

—The Governor of New York has signed the bill admitting women to vote for school officers.

—Dr. Jeter, an eminent divine of the Baptist Church, died in Richmond, aged 78 years.

—The freed painter at the capital in Washington, Constantine Brumide, is dead.

Sale of Leaf Tobacco by Producers.

In an interview Mr. Hatch, of Missouri, in relation to his bill in reference to leaf tobacco, said the object was to remove the restriction on the grower from selling his crop of tobacco received by him for rent from tenants who have produced it upon his land, and not to allow the grower to peddle leaf or violate any provisions of the law in relation to the sale of manufactured tobacco. The objection urged against the bill by manufacturers is that it will encourage and increase the use of unmanufactured tobacco. But Mr. Hatch does not believe it will, because in all that section of country where tobacco can be grown, every farmer who prefers to smoke or chew unmanufactured tobacco now raises his little tobacco patch, and the use of that kind of tobacco will not be stimulated to an extent sufficient to affect the revenue of the Government. But if it should increase the use of unmanufactured leaf, the argument is not good, because the farmers ought not to be restricted in the use of one of the great productions of our country. The principle of restricting severely the sale of a product of the soil, one of the leading agricultural products of the country, is a bad one. The repeal of the restriction is demanded by agriculturists in all sections where tobacco is grown. The convictions under the present law have been very unjust, and in Missouri have led to a very widespread and earnest opposition to its present form. As far as the revenue derived from the \$500 license is concerned Mr. Hatch said, "In the year 1879 Commissioner Raum reported only twelve licenses taken out in this section, and the revenue from this source amounted to less than \$4,000."

—An attempt was recently made to blow up the Imperial winter palace at St. Petersburg, Russia, killing ten soldiers and injuring forty-five. Employees of the palace are suspected.

DATES.—Feb. 21.—A special gives the following from the Standard's Berlin correspondence: "Lately the Czar hardly ever left the Winter Palace. When he went abroad he was surrounded by a cloud of mounted officers, who concealed the carriage and protected the inmate with their bodies. In the palace he was accessible only to diplomats, dignitaries and officers of the household. At the chapel detectives occupied the seats that were formerly reserved for distinguished visitors. Detectives infested the kitchen, and every dish was tasted by persons of rank specially selected for the purpose. The Emperor did not even venture to open the letter, documents steeped in poison having repeatedly been sent him. With all these elaborate precautions it occurred to nobody to search for the announced, advertised and placed mine in the basement. The Emperor and the Duchesse of Edinburg were seated in an apartment next to the dining room when they heard the report of the explosion. The lights were extinguished and the gas pipes burst. The Princess of Fiesco and valets went blindly through the dark, and then poured promiscuously through the door of the royal apartments. The sovereign was found groping his way out of the fatal quarter. All who saw the sight, the picture of Alexander II. leading his daughter away from the mine of dynamite, say that it was one that never could be forgotten."

The Vienna Tagblatt relates that for some days past the Czar has daily received a sealed letter containing a few words of menace, and saying that if he did not change his system of oppression he would not live to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession. The sheet was always bordered with black. In court circles it was known as the "black letter." All efforts to discover the person who conveyed it to the Emperor's room were unsuccessful.

Six more of the soldiers have died who were wounded by the Russian Palace explosion—the Czar watches a state of siege proclaimed all over Russia.

Diminished Mail Service.

Only One Mail a Week off the State Roads.

Special to Baltimore Sun:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20.—The order of the Postmaster-General in reducing the mail service upon all star routes (which means all routes that are not on lines of railroads) to one trip a week will cause a great outcry all over the country, and will bring such a tornado about the heads of Congressmen that they will be glad to appropriate money so that the regular service may be resumed.

The necessity of this order is a natural consequence of the general disposition which the department has shown in extending routes. So great has been the increase of population in the West that the demand for mail facilities has vastly exceeded the appropriations of Congress, and Assistant Postmaster-General Brady has enlarged the service whenever it has been needed. In doing this he has expended nearly all the money appropriated for the year in about seven months, and as Congress has neglected so far to provide for the deficiency, the Postmaster-General has decided to cut down the service until the money is appropriated, which, as stated last night, it is hoped by those interested will be effected through the committee on postoffices.

The following is the text of the order issued by the Postmaster-General cutting down the mail service on all the "star" routes.

"To the Second Assistant Postmaster-General.—That there may be no deficiency created to maintain the star service for the present fiscal year, I direct that on and after the 1st of March proximo, the service on all star routes be reduced to one trip per week, allowing one month's extra pay, as provided by law, on service dispensed with. I also direct that the service placed on new routes since and including July 1, 1879, be discontinued if the foregoing reduction is not sufficient for the purpose indicated. I think the rapid growth of population and business in the Territories and in the new States and the restoration and improvement of the service in the Southern States demand the existing service, and in many instances additional service on old and new service on recently established routes. I also believe the public service will suffer by the reduction, but the law requires that I shall not exceed the appropriation, and I am determined to conform to the law.

D. M. KEY, Postmaster-General.

REVIVAL OF THE IRON TRADE.

The New York Tribune quotes a large Pittsburgh iron manufacturer as saying in regard to the iron trade:

"The business is in a magnificent condition. Furnace owners who are mining their own ores or have old contracts at \$7 or \$8 a ton are making a hundred per cent. upon their output. The cost of smelting when bituminous coal or coke is used does not exceed \$14 or \$15 per ton, and as the price of pig metal is now from \$40 to \$45, you will see that the margin of profit is enormous. New contracts for ore average about \$12, and men who pay this and also pay the highest price for coke are still getting rich as fast as they ought to desire. He said the general impression is that this flood-tide of prosperity will run throughout the year, whilst some are sanguine of a longer continuance.

—There are said to be 20,000 exodusters in Kansas, with more continually arriving, ragged, barefoot and hungry. The Reds ought to feed and clothe them.

STATE NEWS.

—A convict who stands 7 feet 4, and weighs over 300, works on the Oxford and Henderson Railroad. He hails from Buncombe.

—Salisbury Watchman: Lewis Vogler, of this place, has bought and sold, up to this date, the present season, 20,000 rabbit skins.

—Bingham's school has over 150 boys. The Raleigh Observer says that there are now 525 pupils at the graded school there, in good standing. There are 667 names on the roll.

—The great Durham tobaccoists, W. T. Blackwell & Co., a day or two since, sold to one man 200,000 pounds of their smoking tobacco, receiving therefore the sum of \$125,000. This is one of the largest sales ever made.

—A wagon containing seven bales of cotton, on its way to Quibbe recently, caught fire from a spark from the driver's pipe, and before it could be extinguished most of the cotton was destroyed, and a part of the wagon burned.—Robesonian.

—The Torchlight says an experienced Granville farmer speaks of opening a farming school at an early day. The object of this is to teach the youth practically how to cultivate and care successfully the fine yellow tobacco. He says such an art in this country would be far more beneficial than the professions, all of which are crowded.

—The warehouse of the North Carolina Railroad Company, at Cary, near being consumed by fire Sunday night, at an early hour. Persons on the return from church saw the fire, and by hard work saved the building. The damage was not very great, but the walls were considerably burned. The contents were not injured. The fire was found to have been caused by a rat, which carried some matches to her nest in the wall of the house.—Raleigh Observer.

—BAID MOUNTAIN QUAKES AGAIN.—Mr. R. L. Taylor has just returned to Spartanburg from Bald Mountain, and reports that the residents there felt shocks and heard rumblings in the Mountain on the 28th and 29th of January. On the 10th February, he heard the rumbling very distinctly himself at a distance of seventeen miles. The people are considerably excited again, and confidently expect the whole Mountain to fall to pieces soon.

—Raleigh Observer: The Insane Asylum, with 310 patients, keeping up the same excellent diet and care of patients as heretofore, cost the State for the year 1879, \$44,500; whereas about 278 patients for the previous year it is understood cost more than \$70,000. The Deaf and Dumb Asylum reports that the actual expenses of the asylum for the year 1878 were \$32,479.25, and that there is a balance of \$7,510.22 to be carried over to the next year, and that the institution has been operated at the smallest cost of any previous year.

Statesville Landmark: Last Saturday night the prisoners confined in the jail at Wilkesboro made their escape in a body, by digging a hole in the wall under one of the windows in the building. Among those in the party were Dan'l Dishman, the notorious desperado, who was recently on trial in Ireddell court for his life, for the crime of burglary; another was his partner, Lambert; and another, Elijah Church, a desperado of even more notoriety than Dishman, who was but recently recaptured, after having escaped from jail, and out of whose legs three bullets were cut after he was re-imprisoned. Lambert was recaptured Sunday morning, but at last accounts the rest were still at liberty.

—Raleigh Observer: There were in North Carolina, in 1870, in farms, improved, woodlands, and unimproved, 18,335,410 acres. Of this 5,253,742 acres were improved, over one million acres less than we had in 1860, or about 20 per cent. of the whole. To this may be added 13,000,000 acres of wild lands making an area of 33,000,000 acres in round numbers. The average size of our farms at that date was 212 acres. We had at that date a population of 1,071,361, or about 21 to the square mile. Of this population only 45 per cent. over ten years of age, were at work, the remaining 55 per cent. doing nothing. We had at this time 307,962 native North Carolinians living in other States, while we have living in our own midst only 3,029 citizens of foreign birth.

HOW HE ACCOUNTS FOR IT.—Aaron Revels, aged 95, was in Lumberton, N. C., last week and is as sprightly and upright as any of his ancestors (the Indian). He was born in Sampson county, and when a boy, removed to the Bear Swamp, in this county, where he has lived ever since. His color is that of a full blooded Indian, but he says his mother was of Irish origin, and, of course, white. He commenced turning white about ten years ago, and the white spots are as pure white as any white man, and are increasing in size. At the present rate of change he will be completely white in a few years. He has a full head of hair but slightly sprinkled with gray—his eyes are as bright as at 30, but his hearing a little defective in one ear. He accounts for the change from red to white by saying that he took after his father at first but now is taking after his mother Lumberton Robesonian.

THE CAPE FEAR AND YADKIN VALLEY RAILROAD.—The grading is now progressing at the rate of about one mile a week. Twenty-two miles remain to be graded. The force at this end was moved down a couple of weeks ago to the new stockade, twelve miles south of Greensboro, and the force at the other end have also been moved into a new stockade. The engineer corps have completed the survey, permanently located the line south of Greensboro and made all the maps, estimates, &c., and on Monday moved up and began to survey from here to Mt. Airy, by way of Bruce's and Walnut Cove. They are now in camp two and a half miles from town. As soon as the survey is made a stockade will be erected as quarters for one hundred hands, which the Penitentiary authorities have promised President Gray by the first of April. Then the work of grading will begin at once and be pushed with vigor.—Greensboro Patriot.

THE INSECT IN THE WHEAT.—The editor of the Observer a short time ago sent specimens of the fly furnished by the farmer in Steel Creek to the Commissioners of Agriculture for his inspection. The insects were turned over in the division of entomology, and the following information was returned by the commissioners: "The insect belongs to the family of leaf hoppers, order Hemiptera. Its scientific name is Cladula litorea (Uhler). We have received of late numerous complaints from the farmers of South Carolina concerning the ravages committed by this insect upon their wheat crops. As it is a new pest it is difficult to suggest a remedy that is practical, es-

pecially as there is nothing known of its earlier habits. The only thing which suggests itself is a remedy which has proved very satisfactory in combating an insect closely allied to the one which attacks grain vines. The remedy consists in carrying lighted torches through the infested fields at night or in building bonfires about the premises. The insects are attracted by the light and perish in the flames in great numbers. It is probable that Professor Comstock will visit the infested regions on his return from Florida."—Charlotte Observer.

GENERAL NEWS.

—The Governor of California has signed a bill enforcing the anti-Chinese clause of the new state constitution.

—Sydney Shores, who married his twelve year old step-daughter in Maryland, has been arrested, and also the officiating minister.

—Newspaper advertising may be compared to a vigilant and watchful salesman, who not only invites business relations, but goes after the public, into the private walks and compels it to be attentive in spite of itself.

—A Berlin letter says that at the government cannon foundry such large orders have been received that a number of fresh hands have been employed, and all are working extra time.

New York, February 19.—At a stormy meeting of the convention of Irish society last night it was decided to hold a parade on St. Patrick's day, instead of devoting the money used for that purpose to the suffering poor in Ireland.

—The largest orchard in the world is probably that of Robert McKinstry, of Hudson, N. Y., which contains more than 24,000 apple trees, 1,700 pear trees, 4,000 cherry, 500 peach, 200 plum, 200 crab, 1,500 vines, 6,000 currants and 500 cheanuts. The apple crop of last year was 30,000 barrels.

—The Indian, has the best plan, after all. If their medicine man didn't bring rain at the promised time, he was strung up. This method would thin out the ranks of our countless weather prophets, while the effect on the weather would hardly be noticed.

—The Sultan has ten servants whose special duty it is to unfold the carpets for him when he is going to pray; ten to take care of his pipes and cigarettes; two to dress his royal hair; and twenty to attend to his most noble clean shirt. There are a multitude of other attendants about the palace; indeed, it is stated that 300 families and about 4,000 persons live at his Majesty's expense. He is an extravagant house-keeper; the annual expenditures of the palace are mentioned as nearly \$14,000,000.

LUCAN, ONTARIO, February 4.—About 12 o'clock last night a party of men with blackened and masked faces entered the dwelling of the somewhat notorious Donnelly family and murdered the father, mother, one son, and a niece. A boy named Connor took refuge under the bed, and escaped unhurt. The party then set fire to the house, which together with the bodies of the murdered inmates was totally consumed. Another, residing about three miles from the home stead, was called to his door about the same hour and shot dead. The township is wild with excitement.

An oriental traveler describes this busy scene, witnessed on historic shores: "Our steamer landed on a beach which was the port of Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians. There was no town at the water's edge, no people, no wharf. The passengers and the merchandise were put ashore in lighters, which ran up in the sands. A troop of camels, with their drivers, lay on the beach, ready to transfer the goods into the interior. Among the articles landed were boxes marked Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A., showing that they contained medicines and whence they came. These with other goods were hoisted on the backs of camels, for transportation to Antioch. Thus the skill of the West sends back its remedies to heal the maladies of populations that inhabit those Eastern shores, whence our spiritual manna came."— Windsor (Vt.) Chronicle.

—A Southern physician has written a pamphlet to show that, as he believes, limestone-built cities are healthy, and have no record of malarial disease, and giving the reason why, in his opinion, this is true of them. He asserts that "limestone is ever absorbing carbonic acid," no matter from what produced, and "like vegetation, is ever converting said deadly poison into pure oxygen." For a similar reason scientists recommend that a little dry lime be kept on top of the stoves, the water to supply moisture being set in other parts of the room. Try it.

—Of the 160,000 houses standing within the boundaries of Philadelphia, twelve out of sixteen are mortgaged.

REID'S CELEBRATED FLOWER SEEDS

SELDOM EQUALLED AND NEVER EXCELLED. MOST POPULAR VARIETIES.

Prices, 5, 10 and 15 cents.

FOR SALE AT SALEM BOOKSTORE.

GET THE BEST.

The great political campaign of 1880 has begun, and it is your duty to watch it and to understand it. To this end, what you need is a good Democratic newspaper. What every body needs is a paper that will tell you the truth.

Hale's Weekly is the best newspaper in the North. It is Democratic in principle. It gives all the news in the most condensed and well ordered style, because it is a newspaper. It is printed on good white paper from large clear type, because it is a newspaper. It is a complete history of the times and of the exciting Federal and State campaigns now just begun.

After paying for your home paper, instead of sending to New York or Boston or Philadelphia for a weekly, send for Hale's Weekly.

which not only supplies the news and good reading sometimes to be had from no other source, but also gives you the opportunity of a thorough knowledge of how to use it as a source of news, and politics, and literature, a complete history of all that is done in North Carolina. The information printed in it weekly for months past, and to be had in no other paper, ought to be in the possession of every citizen.

The price is only \$2 a year, \$1 for six months. Sample copies sent on application, but no name is entered on its mail-books without payment, and subscribers are saved the unpleasantness of ordering the paper stopped, as is frequently the case, and the time paid for. Address

P. M. HALE, Raleigh, N. C.

Stoves! Stoves!

THE UNDESIGNED has the largest and most complete assortment of

COOKING STOVES

HEATING STOVES

even offered in this market and at greatly

REDUCED PRICES.

Stove Pipes and Fixtures

always on hand, and

ROOFING AND GUTTERING.

promptly attended to. A general

assortment of all the

